

## ANSWERED.

When shall we know each other, dear?  
To-morrow—bye and bye—another year!  
'Tis hard to wait!

When shall we know each other, love?  
In aye when warty lives shall prove—  
Ah! that were late!

Shall it not be till one must kneel,  
Sedding hot tears the other can not feel  
And blaming fate?

Nay then! By quivering lip and dewy eye,  
My own.  
I know you now, as I am known;  
My wife, my mate.

—A. Tresize Saunders.

## SAVAGES' SYSTEMS OF NUMERATION.

An Indian Tribe Which Can't Count Two—Deceiving an Explorer.

I don't know how far the Damaras themselves can count. The Chiquitos of America, a very low Indian tribe, can't count beyond one. For any larger sum than that their simple language used terms of comparison alone—as many as one's eyes, as many as a crow's toes, as many as the fingers on one hand, and so forth up to six or seven. The Tasmanians could get as far as two. Beyond that they stopped short. Their simple scheme of enumeration was merely this: One, two, a great many. The Australian black fellows in Queensland go a step farther; they reckon thus: "One, two, two-one (3), two-two (4), and after that they say "more than four," meaning thereby an indefinite number.

One South African tribe easily beats this rudimentary record and knows how to count up to ten. But eleven, both hands and one over, it regards as the next plus of human computation. When a British detachment once marched against it, the scouts brought in word to the elders of the tribe that an immense army was coming to fight them—"an immense army; clever white soldiers!" On the other hand, some savages have really very advanced systems of enumeration; for example, the Tongans, whose native enumeration goes up as far as 100,000. Even this degree of proficiency, however, did not quite satisfy the devouring mathematical passion of Lubilliardiere who asked them what they called ten times that number, and so on, until he had finally made them give him names for all the subsequent decimal stages, up even to one thousand billion.

The Tongans, anxious to oblige a benevolent and scientific gentleman in so unimportant a matter, proceeded at once to supply him with words, which the unsuspecting explorer immediately wrote down, and duly printed as mathematical terms in the accounts of his travels. But, alas for the duplicity and the unscrupulousness of savages! The supposed numbers in their higher ranges were really the rudest and naughtiest words in the Tongan language, with which, as missionaries subsequently discovered, the evil-disposed Polynesians had successfully imposed on the bland and childlike innocence of a scientific stranger. Such are the dangers of leading questions addressed in an imperfectly understood tongue to the wicked minds of the children of nature. The children of nature promptly respond in the precise spirit of an east-end Arab.—Cornhill Magazine.

Practical Joke of the Thracians.

The ancients used to indulge in practical jokes to a considerable extent; for instance, the Thracians, at their drinking parties, sometimes played a game of hanging. They fixed a round noose to the bough of a tree and placed underneath it a stone of such shape that it would easily turn round when any one stood on it. Then they drew lots, and he who drew the lot took a sickle in his hand, stood on a stone, and put his neck into the halter. The stone was kicked away, and if he could cut himself down with the sickle, well and good, but if he was not quick enough, he was hanged outright.

The Doctrine of Practical Life.

It is as much success to kill a rabbit as it is to kill a deer. Let the young man remember that. For that is just what young men forget. The doctrine of practical life, of business, of bread-getting—not of book-writing—is, do the next thing! Indeed, that is what we are all doing. We are all pegs in the wrong holes, and restless. Shall we jump across God's infinite key-board at one bound; or shall we hop off one leg into the next vacancie, and into the next, and thus toward our ambition? Let us hop, says practical genius.—E. Hough.

House Where Robert Burns Died.

The house in Dumfries in which Robert Burns died has been recently repaired in consequence of its dilapidated condition. For some reason or other the wood-work of the bedroom in which the poet breathed his last was removed. This has been secured by Mr. Eliot Stock, who proposes to bind it in the fac-simile of the first edition of "Burns' Poems" which he is about to publish, and of the surplus to make cabinets in which to issue the large-paper copies of the reprint.— Tribune.

Not Worried About the Dog.

A cute little girl of 3 is the delight of a Washington boulevard family for her prettiness, as well as for the bright and odd things she says. The other day a company of militia passed down the street in front of her home, and her mind-blank-and-tan barked furiously through the window pane at them. The little girl arose in alarm and said: "Shut the door, mamma! Fido will bite the army!"—Chicago Tribune.

The "Sink" of the San Lorenzo.

A veritable "sink," akin to that of the Humboldt river, in Nevada, is in process of formation at the mouth of the San Lorenzo in California. Where formerly a large stream cut its way through the shifting sands to the ocean, but a small stream, steadily stepped over, can be seen.—Chicago Times.

Museum of American Curiosities.

Judic's museum of American curiosities is one of the wonders of Paris. It comprises a "gold bug," two young alligators, a few tortoises, and a mock-up bird.

The Herdsmen of Remaining Unknown.

It is an old truth that sudden wealth means sudden vulgarity, and there is a great deal of sudden wealth in New York. When a fresh merchant prince can't get in his winter coal on Fifth avenue without hiring a brass band and gathering a crowd; when the most conservative belts support the society bulletins, and the mere going to church Sunday is converted into a torch light procession and parade on the avenue, with relays of shorthand costume reporters and lightning sketch artists, you can see how even domesticity and devotion are matters of public opinion. If I were a rector in some quiet church con-

## A BATTLE-SCARRED RAT-CATCHER

Ticks About the Habits and Peculiarities of the Pestiferous Rodents.

"Where do the rats come from?" said the rat-catcher. "Originally from the sewer, and when the cellar floor is not made of cement or stone they are sure to get into the house. When the track is once opened they keep it well beaten. They go from the cellar all over the house. The lead pipes in the wall make excellent ladders for them to climb. They are excellent climbers. When a house is to be cleaned the pipes are greased, if they can be got at, so as to keep the rats in one part of the house. If this can not be done, then wire nets with sharp-pointed holes are hung directly near the holes. These tickle their whiskers, and when they raise the net and pass under it they can not get back to the hole. In this way they are all corralled in one place. It takes time, as they are cute, and some of the old fellows can not be led into any sort of traps. If there is anything in their way they will go a mile out of their course to get around it. When they get in places where I can not reach them with the tongs I generally shoot them with a small pistol. Some of the old fellows have a fancy of settling in the ceiling and are the hardest to get at. The best thing I know of with which to treat these obstinate citizens is a good dose of burning cayenne pepper. This suffocates them, if they get a large whiff at the start, and then the house suddenly becomes filled with sewer gas, which disappears as soon as the carcasses dry up and blow away. Rats breed rapidly, and if all of them are not destroyed they will quickly overrun a house again."

"Ever been bitten? A hundred times and more. The bite does not usually amount to anything. Rats have two motions of the jaw in biting. The first is soft and delicate, and the teeth just scratch the object they hold of. Then follows a quick, sharp, powerful action of the jaw, and the slender teeth sink up to the gums and stay there. This bite is dangerous; the first nip amounts to nothing. If the teeth have gone deeply into my hand I always suck the wound. This seems to keep the swelling down, but always a good deal of pain follows. My arm has swollen sometimes when a hungry fellow has given me a nip twice its natural size. It's strange, but there is no harm in the bite of a well-fed rat. A frightened rat will fight, if cornered, and viciously, too. The way to grab rats so that they can not bite is to seize them with a strong grip just back of the neck. They will howl like stuck pigs, but can not get away and are entirely under control."

"I used to have ferrets to clean out houses, but gave them up long ago. They are too expensive and are difficult to handle, and if savage will bite worse than a rat. An extra number have to be kept on hand in training all the time, for when turned loose in the house where the rats are large one or more will be killed. They are just like rats in their habits and about the same size, and with a good-sized rat it is only a question of which gets the best hold first. Neither will let go. I have had ferrets' teeth fastened in my fingers, and their jaws were set so firmly that they had to be prised open with an iron bar.

"What is done with the rats? They are either drowned or sold to dog-fanciers, to train dogs to catch them, or for use in some of the sporting-houses at rat-baits. Some of the choice ones may get into the mysterious dishes served up in Motte street, in the Chinese colony. The business, however, is growing less every year. Every house has its own trap, and on every shelf is a piece of 'some well-advertised rat poison.' This is undermining the business, and where formerly I could get \$50 or \$100 for keeping a house clear of these mischievous visitors, I am glad now to do the same work for \$10 or \$20. There are only three or four professionals in the city. One of them still uses the ferrets, but he was telling me the other day that he had so little use for them that they die on his hands."—New York Tribune.

The lava is not liquid, as many people suppose, but consists of many millions of large and small blocks of rocky-looking stuff rolling onward. We saw one huge rock of old lava standing in the middle of the stream of lava, which was divided by it and ran around it; the rock was about the size of, say, Quidenham church, and this rock suddenly split into two parts, the smaller half crumbled up, and the other half was carried bodily down with the stream slowly and steadily. We watched it until we left, and it moved about three-quarters of a mile in about three-quarters of an hour. We waited until nearly midnight, as we could not venture down until the moon got up, and then we reluctantly left this magnificent sight, which, as I tell you, no description can give you any idea of. As we went up we had all gone into a little house to see it, and walked round it, and thought it was unpleasantly close to the lava. Well, as we came down this house was in flames and caught by the stream. In many places we had to take different paths, so quickly had the lava spread as it came down, and from below it is awful (quite close to it) to see this mass thirty or forty feet deep, but all of it bright red. You can judge whether it was a sight worth seeing. I would not have missed it for worlds.

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The Five Kinds of Canal-Boats.

"There's five kinds of canal-boats," said an old boatman. "First there comes the cabin-boats. They are those big cabin-boats with a cabin over the whole deck. They won't carry any more dead weight than the others, but they are more roomy for light, bulky freight because there is more room between the keel and deck. Then there are the 'lakers.' This is a 'laker,' lake boat, some calls them. They are big boats, with a cabin aft and stable and banks forward. Stows and cabin-boats with the whole deck open and covered with leather hatches like houses, only there ain't no glass. They have a cabin aft, and it is well marked and are really the characteristics of the Roman nose. Julius Caesar had such a nose, and he used it as a molar battering-ram—but Caesar was ambitious."

The Roman nose comes next; it is not so well chiseled and finished at the end, and indicates that the owner loved knowledge, not for its own sake, but for the valuable assistance it gave in securing power. Aggression and self-defense are well marked, and are really the characteristics of the Roman nose. Julius Caesar had such a nose, and he used it as a molar battering-ram—but Caesar was ambitious."

I brought a piece of red hot lava down with me, which the guide got hold of for me as I could not get it myself; it was so fearfully hot I could not go close enough. We put wire round it and I carried it down on the end of my stick. In fact, we each brought a bit down, and also some ashes or cinders which rained down on us whenever the wind was our way. We got back to Cantania at about 4:15 a.m. We were up near the crater nearly four hours. We saw other people go up to see the lower end of the lava, stay there a few minutes and go down again; but the way to do it is to go right high up, arriving by daylight and then stay there to see it by night and watch the changes going on. It was glorious.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Treasure-Troves of Great Value.

Treasure-troves of great artistic value continue to be made in all parts of Europe. There is now on view in London a service of banqueting plate of a most interesting character, consisting of twenty-three circular bowls of hammered work, weighing 524 ounces, and bearing the London date marks 1581 to 1602. This plate originally belonged to Sir Christopher Harris of Radford, Devon, and after the assault on Radford by the Puritans in 1645 it disappeared until 1827, when it was turned up by a plow in a field near Radford. The plate is in fine preservation and will be offered for sale during the coming season.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Artist's Studio of the Olden Time.

The site of the ancient Egyptian city of Zoan often spoken of in the Bible, and which Ezekiel prophesied would be destroyed by fire, has been found and is now undergoing a thorough examination. Many interesting discoveries have been made which will still further elucidate that Egyptian life and history of which already we have so full an account. A curious fact is that of the house of an amateur artist of the ancient world, whose studio has been examined and it is found that he was as choice of his implements as modern dabbler in the fine arts always are. He had a fine palette of limestone ground perfectly smooth with twelve little depressions to

hold his colors. These he used only in a liquid state. His palette knife was made of silver, highly decorated by engraving, and the little jars to hold his paints were of the finest glazed ware.

Samples of his own work were found, but they were very poor, while his collection of bric-a-brac, including bronze figures, glazed pottery of various makes, and delicate glass objects of different sorts, was very fine. He owned a piano-convex lens, and he had almost the only specimen of ancient painted glass yet discovered. In fact, an artist's studio of older time seems to have resembled an artist's studio of the present day in this at least, that the more work was done-

## LETTING A "GO-DEVIL" DROP.

Exploding a Charge at the Bottom of an Oil-Well—Astounding Results.

The well we saw shot was charged with 300 pounds of nitro-glycerine. When all the tubes were down the pressure was cleared. The expert picked up his apparatus, loaded them in his wagon, and drove away. All the spectators who had ventured close about to see the process withdrew to the highway and got into eligible sighting positions 200 yards off to the windward of the well, the men in charge assuring them the thing to get out of the way of was the oil in the well, which, being thrown to a great height, would be carried in spray a long distance by the wind.

Then a workman brought out the "go-devil" and called for a volunteer from the spectators to come and drop it.

The "go-devil" is the weight that dropped in the well explodes the charge. It is a rude casting, about a foot long and weighing about twelve pounds. It is a four-winged messenger, the center being about an inch in diameter, from which four wings about an inch and a half broad and a quarter of an inch thick project, the whole being brought to a point at the downward extremity. The wings carry it straight to the mark, and the point strikes the plate of the uppermost tube down in the well. The man stood over the mouth of the well holding this destroyer when he called out: "Does anyone want to drop it?" The expert said there would be plenty of time to get away. The correspondent, desirous of seeing how it was all done, climbed down from his perch on the fence and started for the well. "Don't be excited," said the expert, "you'll have time enough to get back here before it strikes." The platform about the well was oily and slippery, so that the retreat would have to be entered upon with caution in order to avoid slipping down.

The man at the well handed the correspondent the "go-devil." "Lower it well down in the iron casing," he said, "before you drop it, so there will be no mistake about it. There will be plenty of time to get away." The correspondent clutched the casting with his fingers between the four wings and did as he was told to do. Then he looked around to get the bearings for his feet. "All ready," said the man at the well. "Don't stumble over that timber when you start." Drop went the "go-devil," and away went the correspondent. He leaped over the timber, skipped the gutter near the well, and made for the highway with the go-devil ringing in his ears as it sped down through the iron casing on its errand of destruction. The man who remained last at the hole walked deliberately off in another direction. The correspondent followed at once by the belching forth of smoke from the iron casing, which rose to the top of the derrick, broke into spray, and filled the air. Next followed a column of black smoke and liquid, roaring out of the hole like the escape of steam from a locomotive's safety valve. A fire of stones followed this, crackling among the timbers of the derrick and falling about. The wind carried the liquid away from the spectators, and the stones threw straight from the mouth of the well, fell back, harming no one. The belching lasted perhaps half a minute, and then all was quiet. The eight quarts of nitro-glycerine had done its work. It had lifted first a column of crude oil 1,400 feet deep from the bottom of the well, had broken the black sand-rock in which the petroleum is found, and had thrown the fragments up from a depth of 1,400 feet. The grass and ground for an acre round was covered with a dirty, greenish slime, in which the spectators had to tread in order to inspect the results. Out of the well's mouth inflammable gas was pouring at a rate that would make a stockholder of the Consolidated company turn green with avarice to behold it. If a match had been applied disastrous results would have followed.

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The nose which makes itself felt. The Greco-Roman nose is the ideal nose, clear cut with delicacy and perfectly chiseled nostrils, which indicate refinement and symmetry of intellect. We find this nose on Venus, Apollo, Mercury, and other Greek idealizations. Alexander the Great was a Greek, and wore a Greco-Roman nose with Roman modifications. If you are a student of history, you will remember that Alexander was an aggressive man; he had the independence to introduce innovations to depart from precedent and the established policy of Greece and wage aggressive wars in foreign countries to extend the domination of his country. His nasal modification was the work of aggression in the upper part.

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